

JULY 1939

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 7

Destruction of animal life on modern highways by heedlessly driven motor cars is an evil that challenges the attention of strong public sentiment.

Refuse of oil-burning steamers, pumped on the sea, destroys each year tens of thousands of birds, together with the eggs and young of important food fishes and the forms of life that fish eat. The remedy is to force responsibility upon the shipping interests.

The Dundalk Herald of Dundalk, Ontario, publishes a protest against what it speaks of as the "mass slaughter of 2,750 snowbirds to add to the Royal feast at Quebec." "The breasts of these birds," it continues, "provide a morsel of food only as large as the nail of the thumb, and it seems needless to destroy all this useful bird life when there are so many other delicacies fit 'to set before the King.'"

We believe it is right in its assertion that the King and Queen, who are fond of animals, would not have approved of such a sacrifice of bird life had they known of it.

The general public will be greatly surprised to know that Sidney Franklin, the man so interested in bullfighting, broadcast recently over Station WMCA, a talk advocating that bullfighting should be introduced into the United States and also stating that bulls were being shipped to the World's Fair where a mock bullfight without weapons was to be staged.

The President of The American Humane Association assures us on the authority of the president of the Fair, that no mock bullfighting will be held with live animals on the Fair grounds. We join with the Association in urging that many letters be written to Hon. Grover Whalen, President of the New York World's Fair, protesting against any such exhibition which would be so generally disapproved by the majority of American people.

In the name of science, many a thing is lawful that would put the ordinary man in jail.

Sailing Under False Colors

THE rodeo, which purports to be a reproduction of common scenes on many of our western ranches, is anything but what it advertises itself to be. In an article in the New York Times, A. E. DeRieques of Denver, writes:

"The rodeo, or wild west show, to many familiar with the cattle business, is exceedingly objectionable and certainly foreign to any range cattle or ranch experience in western America. An experience of thirty-five years in the far western range cattle business possibly qualifies me to comment on this subject. Our outfits count 782 broken saddle horses used in the handling of cattle in many western states on ranges and Indian reservations, doing round-up and other work. Out of the entire lot I doubt very much if twenty head buck or have any idea of bucking or acting badly unless pestered by some young fool of a cow-puncher who, freshly back from a rodeo show, is full of new stunts and wants to be thought tough and try his big spurs. . . . The affection of a real cowhand for his saddle horse is one of the fine things that exist, but is seldom shown unless you try to give some of his string to another rider. In the range cattle business there is no occasion for the brutal bulldogger or wild steer rider of the show."

A G-Dog

The *Kind Deeds Messenger*, published by the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, recently awarded a medal to a remarkable dog. Here are the facts as given to us:

"Jerry, beautiful police dog, belonging to Morris Horowitz of Los Angeles, made a sensation last December by his spectacular pursuit of two bandits, who robbed the drug store of his master and rifled the cash register of ninety dollars. Overtaking the one in possession of the money, Jerry threw him to the ground, stood on his chest, while with vocal threats and the eloquence of gleaming teeth he held the terrified criminal spellbound until the police arrived and completed the recovery of the money."

From the Hon. Percival P. Baxter

The former Governor of Maine, known throughout the entire country for his love of animals and his interest in their welfare, writes us the following:

"You will be glad to hear that the cruelty and neglect incident to the maintenance of our roadside zoos now has almost been done away with. Some of us for several years have been seeking to abolish these zoos, for they have been a blot on the fair name of Maine. We have succeeded in obtaining the passage of a law that imposes a tax of fifty dollars on such zoos, and places them under the control of our Commissioner of Inland Fish and Game, Mr. George J. Stobie, an able, kindhearted official who is devoted to the protection of our wild life. The fifty dollars tax has driven out of business all but two of these objectionable places, and soon there may be but one left. Mr. Stobie will see to it that that one is properly managed. I earnestly hope that the remaining one will not long survive. I am sure that your readers will be encouraged by this news."

That trained animals are to be featured at the New York World's Fair, prompts Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, widely known contributor of dog articles to the daily press, to enter his protest against them. He has said that he has proof that many animal acts involve terror and torture and so refuses to be an observer at such shows. His example is likely to be followed by many others who have confidence in what he writes.

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Life

*By one great heart the universe is stirred;
By Its strong pulse, stars climb the dark-
ening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing
hue,
And thrills through the low sweet song of
every bird.*

*By It the plunging blood reds all men's
veins;
Joy feels that heart against his rapturous
own
And on It, Sorrow breathes her deepest
groan;
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest
pains.*

*Passionless beating through all Time and
Space,
Relentless, calm, majestic on Its march,
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's end-
less arch,
Or man's heart break, because of some dead
face!*

*'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling as in mothers' tears,
And, for strange comfort, through the
aching years,
Men's hungry souls have called that great
Heart, God!*

MARGARET DELAND

A Dog Adopts an Airport

GLADYS M. BELYEA

WE'VE all heard of soldiers and sailors and aviators who have adopted a dog for a mascot. But "Mainliner," a little black and white dog of uncertain ancestry, has taken over the position of manager of passenger traffic at the Salt Lake City Airport. Since the day last fall when she walked into the Airport without advance publicity or ballyhoo, she has met every one of the fifteen planes arriving daily, watching alertly as the passengers walk from the planes to the waiting-room, and again when they board for the balance of their trips. She seems to be waiting to give them the farewell greeting of the air service, "Happy Landing."

Perhaps because she takes her duties so seriously, Mainliner holds aloof from all attempts to pet her or to give her food; that is, from all but those of one member of the Airport ground crew. He alone has been favored with her confidence. He salvages food from the leftovers of the passengers' meals, and he would be glad to make her living quarters of a more comfortable type, if she would let him. Mainliner, however, seems to abhor all pleasures of the flesh, and will sleep only on a pile of ropes on a cement floor.

Visitors to the Airport have tried to feed her with choice morsels—one woman even brought her a steak—but Mainliner backs away from all such overtures. People have offered to adopt her, but it seems probable that she would be unhappy away from the sound of airplane motors. She has evidently chosen her station and duty in life and will let nothing interfere with it. Publicity and photographers mean nothing to her—I couldn't get closer than twenty feet.

Caterer to Wild Life

PAUL HIDEY

BEARS will never have a better friend than old Spikehorn. For the last ten years this genial old man has been feeding and fondling bears in the refuge he has provided for them in his woodland camp near Harrison, Michigan. He fathers all bears as if they were his own children, not only while they are tiny cubs, but the grown bears as well. In fact the bigger and heavier they grow the fonder he seems to become of them.

In a park of an acre or so of their own native pine wilderness there are this year,



A MICHIGAN PIONEER

two cinnamon bears and eight big black bears. To insure their staying at home, Spikehorn has built a ten-foot wire mesh fence topped with a wide band of sheet metal. Nevertheless a bear often gets away so each one is provided with a sheep's bell about his neck as an aid in finding him again.

Not long ago the children in a small country school nearby were thrown into a panic at sight of a bear in their midst. Then someone heard the tinkle of a sheep's bell, so peace reigned again for they all knew it must be one of Spikehorn's bears. In this particular case the bear had crawled out on the dead limb of a tree which had broken with his weight, and in falling to the ground had landed outside the fence.

All his bears have a ravenous appetite, but that does not worry Spikehorn in the least. He gives them very little meat, instead he has arranged with local bakeries to take all their stale baked goods. To this he adds a porridge of which the bears are very fond. His own recipe, based on his long experience with bears' likes and dislikes, contains among other things bran, corn-meal, honey and vegetables. Since the small cubs cannot eat so heartily, they are given milk, and it is fed them from nursing bottles through rubber nipples. This cere-

mony has to be repeated at frequent intervals. After each feeding the babies cuddle down together and drop off to sleep. Then when they awaken and start to fight among themselves Spikehorn knows they are hungry again.

Of Rip van Winkle appearance, with uncut hair, long white beard, and beetling eyebrows, Spikehorn in his doe-skin clothes presents a curious appearance. In reality however, he is only Farmer Meyers, pioneer resident of a neighboring county. He claims to be a hundred but in the same breath admits he is the greatest liar in the country, so eighty-four is probably nearer his age. He romps about fearlessly with his wild pets but with an uncanny sense the bears seem to respect the advanced age of their benefactor and cuff with care.

The Worm Feast of Samoa

WESLEY A. GROUT

THE palolo swarms!" As the native cry cuts through the early dawn mists and echoes up and down the sandy beaches of the Island of Samoa, hundreds of waiting Samoans eagerly push out to sea with specially constructed baskets.

It is always the same; a repetition of an age-old custom that countless hundreds of years have failed to stem. Every year, exactly on the day preceding and also on the day that the moon enters its last quarter for both October and November, there is grand feasting on the Island of Samoa, for it is then that the palolo worms swarm.

The palolo worm is considered a prize delicacy by the natives of Samoa. It is one of the few creatures with the ability to reckon time to the exact hour with never a miscalculation. Every year, precisely at the dawn of each of these four days, they swarm up from their hiding places at the bottom of the sea until the water seems to be nearly solid with them.

This sudden rise to the surface is for the express purpose of laying their eggs. And their conduct in this procedure is without parallel. The back part of their bodies break away from the head and wriggle to the surface of the sea, carrying with them the eggs that are to be deposited when they reach the top. While this back portion of the body is floating on the top of the water, the head part creeps back to its burrow among the crevices and crannies of the ocean's floor, and begins the forming of another body for the next year.

The egg masses of these worms float on the surface of the sea in many different hues, coloring the water for many square miles in shades of red, brown, green and indigo.

The palolo worms appear with the dawn and their number is at its height soon after sunrise. Two or three hours later they have all vanished. The natives calculate their appearance to a nicety and reap a rich harvest. They put out to sea with special baskets. The worms are scooped up into these baskets and are hurried ashore and rushed to all parts of the island, since they must be eaten fresh. It is said that even Europeans, living on the Island, learn to appreciate them fully as much as do the natives. For, in Samoa, there is no gift more graceful than a basket of palolo worms.

Results of Prize Contest for Best Photographs



FIRST PRIZE — LIFE ONE BILL AFTER ANOTHER



SECOND PRIZE — "DAN," A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

THIRTY-TWO states and five Canadian provinces were represented by contestants for the three cash prizes and three additional honorary prizes, offered by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for the best photographs of animals or birds. The contest was announced, in connection with the annual Be Kind to Animals Week, in the March issue of *Our Dumb Animals*,

and closed May 15. Two hundred and eighty photographs were received, many of them of unusual interest. The prize winners are: First, \$15, cash, Mrs. E. L. McLeod, 11239 123rd Street, Edmonton, Alberta; second, \$10, cash, Lowell H. Milligan, 1 Howatson Way, Worcester, Massachusetts; third, \$5, cash, Clarence Nichols, Altaraz School, Great Barrington, Massa-

chusetts. The fourth, fifth and sixth, who each receive a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* are: Waldo Lee Johnston, 4923 Claxton Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri; Bessie Watson, Yalesville, Connecticut; and C. Kingsley Owens, 600 Highland Place, Bellevue, Pennsylvania. The pictures winning honorable mention will appear in a later issue.



THIRD PRIZE — A PHEASANT CALLS FOR HIS BREAKFAST

Mascot of Boulder Dam, Retired

GRACE BERNARD

NIG" is not a friendly dog, nor is he especially handsome. He's old and half blind, and if he was ever meant to be a German Shepherd, his chances were spoiled when some unthinking person cropped his black ears short. Still, Nig maintains a dignity and aloofness unusual to a dog on the loose. For nowhere in Boulder City is there anyone who claims to own this strange old fellow.

Nig shuns all tourists, and any amiable overtures or offering of food at the hands of an "outsider" leaves him totally unmoved. But between him and the few remaining government workers around Boulder City, there seems to be a kinship—a feeling of fraternity.

What connection had Nig to that army of workers who erected the most massive piece of engineering in our modern times—the great Boulder Dam? What part could a mere dog have played in the erecting of that 726-foot steel and concrete barrier across Black Canyon, which impounds the waters of the great Colorado River, some thirty miles southeast of Las Vegas, Nevada?

Each day this veteran dog waits by a stop sign where the main highway leads to Boulder Dam, seven miles away. He looks up expectantly at any government worker passing by, and sometimes those clipped ears of his flicker slightly before he settles back in a resigned attitude.

A gleaming inscription on his collar reads, "Boulder Dam Mascot," and we guess that his job as companion and friend to hundreds of workers is now done. There



"NIG," BOULDER DAM MASCOT, STILL WAITS AT HIS POST



WAS THAT A CRY FOR HELP?

"Hughie" is the canine life-guard at Santa Monica, Cal., beach. He belongs to Preston Peterson, a member of the beach life-saving crew. He wears the regulation life-guard badge and has received a commission in the service from Chief of Police, Charles L. Dice. He sits on the beach attached to his "life tube" and watches intently the youngsters while they romp and splash in the surf. If help is called for or indicated he plunges into the turbulent water and churns his way to those who hang on to the buoyant tube while he tows them in to safety.

are just a few of the khaki clad boys left to handle the visitors.

One of them gave us Nig's story.

"We met Nig about the time construction of Boulder Dam began, around in June, 1931. Some say that his master was killed while doing dangerous preparatory work for the Dam, but anyway here was this big black dog at the corner one morning, just begging to be taken along on the truck. We took him up to the Dam site, and all that day he looked and sniffed around as though looking for someone.

"We tried to make friends with him, but he wasn't ready for that just yet.

"Next morning, here he was again right at this stop sign, and we never could turn him down after that.

"Finally, it seemed like Nig realized that there was work to be done, and he stopped his moping and began to notice what was going on. He got interested in what the boys were doing, and all workers won his respect.

"Someone got the idea of packing his lunch, and he'd carry it in his mouth and put it away where the fellows put theirs. Then he'd get it out when it was time to eat, just like the rest of us.

"We soon made him our mascot, and chipped in to buy this collar for him. He deserved the name of mascot if ever a dog did, for he was on the job all of the time. He'd check out with one crew and ride back into Boulder City. Then he'd hop on the truck there with the fresh crew and check in again at the Dam. He made every shift.

"Nig thought he had to supervise each phase of the construction work. He'd even ride the lifts and never bat an eye when they swung up hundreds of feet.

Nig's former co-worker rubbed the dog's black head musingly. "You're through now, old fella. But don't think that a one of us will ever forget you!"

Turning to me, he brought Nig's story up to date.

"Nig's not allowed up at the Dam anymore, with all the tourists around. Besides he's too old to hop on and off of trucks. So we've sort of pensioned him off around here. He sleeps and eats in the back of the poolroom, and never wanders very far away from this last pick-up station. Too bad, Nig, old mascot, but we all become obsolete some day."

The proud dog continued to look off into space, and we were left to guess at his thoughts. He seemed to realize that he was "on the bench" for keeps now, but how could he know that we shall always remember him as a symbol of fortitude in a great land of endeavor and accomplishment?

"Our Dumb Animals" in Schools

L. V. Pullman, a teacher in the Chandler School, Detroit, Michigan, some of whose pupils competed in our prize verse contest, writes of the good use made of copies of *Our Dumb Animals* in the school work. She says: "Your Children's Page in the March number was exceptionally good. We liked the illustrations. You have no idea how much your magazine helps us in preparing our humane programs.

"Thirty-eight of our pupils have become members of the Junior Michigan Humane Society, and fifteen of our teachers have joined also."

Little Mary, four years old, was visiting her aunt when an old acquaintance arrived from out of town. The lady by way of conversation asked Mary where she lived.

"Well," said Mary, very importantly, "you know 'Bobbie,' the cat. I live right next door to him."

Old Horses

LOUISE DARCY

*Old horses turned out in the sun
Make me feel so content
Because someone took care to see
How their last days were spent.*

*Somehow I think they like to see
A roof of summer sky,
Green trees that spread their cool green
arms
Fully as much as I.*

*How peacefully they crop at grass
Or roll in scented clover,
Remembering good days of work
That now in age are over.*

*I want to find a meadow, too,
When busy days are done,
And fill my hours with miracle
Of wind and sky and sun.*

Wild Life Souvenirs

GRACE V. SHARRITT

FAIRS, whether they are small carnivals with only a Big Top and a few side show concessions, or whether they assume the splendor of the gilt-edged exhibits of a world centennial showing myriads of attractions, are not fair sometimes to many forms of wild life which are sold as souvenirs at their concessions. Neither are many of the five-and-ten-cent stores in towns and cities, which ply a profitable souvenir trade with tourists, fair to small wild life souvenirs.

One hot August day, I wandered idly through a ten-cent store in Detroit. (The scene could easily have been duplicated in any number of dime-stores or carnival shows in any number of American cities.) Hearing excited childish squeals of laughter, I was attracted to a counter where two small children and a man, presumably the youngsters' father, were laughing heartily at the amblings of a small turtle trying to crawl through a mesh wire.

"Ooh, Daddy," cried the dark-eyed boy, "aren't they pretty? Buy me one."

"Me too," chimed in his pig-tailed sister. "What on earth would you kids do with a couple of turtles?" asked their father.

"Play with them," promptly replied the boy, now poking a speculative finger at another small painted turtle in the shallow trough of water.

"No," firmly replied this intelligent Dad. "You can have some other toy but not a live turtle. And anyway," eyeing the half-dead tortoises speculatively, "they look almost gone to me."

And about "gone" they truly were. These tiny, little creatures with their delicate shells painted with pin roses and violets announced in yellow letters on their backs that they were souvenirs of Detroit to the store's customers. But they told a sad tale in their half-dead manner to discerning eyes of any interested scientist or wild life lover. Meant for the cooling woods and waters they were instead captive in a hot store, handled by hundreds of curious people. Perhaps, cruelest of all, they had not been properly fed or cared for.

I talked later with a woman who is an

authority on turtles. She has trapped hundreds for scientific and research purposes but has never killed one. She said, "There is no law that I know of which prevents stores from selling these helpless turtles. But there should be some educative measures which would at least compel store managers to properly house the wild life creatures in their care."

She told me that some turtles are at home on land as well as water. They need meat, like fresh hamburger or fish, in their diet as well as sea vegetation. "The prepared food put up in boxes and sometimes sold at the same counter with the luckless turtle is not a completely balanced diet," she said. "Some die of starvation, others of thirst."

"Thirst?" I asked surprised.

"The poor things can't drink that water," she exclaimed in disgust. "It's unclean."

Yes, we both agreed, it will be a happy day when stores and fairs who ply a trade in small painted turtles, chameleons and other small forms of wild life souvenirs can educate the general public in properly caring for the pets they sell, by setting them a shining example.

Wild Mountain Goats

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

TWENTY-FIVE miles from metropolitan Los Angeles, up in the hills of Santa Catalina Island, there are literally thousands of wild mountain goats; the fore-runners of which probably were left there centuries ago.

Spain's early conquistadores and navigators had a pleasant habit of stocking islands in the southern channel group with animals from Europe, in their exploring trips along the coast line of what is now California; and Don Juan Cabrillo's 1542 expedition may be responsible for the huge herd of mountain goats on Santa Catalina today.

On this island there were luxuriant grasses and shrubs, and the goats grew to a greater size than their ancestors. A full grown buck, as found there now, may weigh as much as 350 pounds, with horn spread of up to 36 inches. There is a record of one Catalina wild goat with spread of 45½ inches.

These animals have no set color scheme; some being light fawn and some dark brown and black; and there are even some pure white specimens. A rare species,



WILD MOUNTAIN GOAT, SANTA CATALINA

known as "Silver Tip," having a coat of silvery blue, is found up at the northern end of the Island. At a distance they may be mistaken for buffalo—a number of herds of which also roam the hills; the shaggy beard encircling the head of the Catalina wild mountain goat suggesting a mane.

The goats can scale the face of a sheer cliff with no apparent effort. The agile animal pictured here is evidently perched for a long view of the Catalina coast line.

Public sentiment and understanding with respect to animal performances have changed remarkably during the past dozen years, and for the better. The growth and influence of the Jack London Club is unquestionably responsible for this. The amusement seeker has come to look with abhorrence upon what he once condoned. To him "the sport which owes its pleasure to another's pain" has come to be "detested." The reaction was swift when once it appeared that the truth had been long and studiously concealed.

Have animals rights that man is bound to respect? The question has been answered in the statutes of every state. How much longer, then, at the expense of their own physical sufferings, must they be made a source of man's amusement, besides his food and raiment?

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JULY, 1939

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for Our Dumb Animals, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Hen Batteries—Source of Disease and Mortality

WHAT do we mean by hen batteries? "A common form," to quote another's description, "is one in which a unit consists of a block of eight cages, back to back, four cages in a row, arranged in three tiers to take 24 birds. Each block measures five feet long and 4 feet 4 inches wide, and in this space eight hens are caged. The usual size of cage for an adult bird is 18 inches wide by 14 inches long and 18 inches high. There are other cages made a few inches longer so that each cage will keep two birds, and, in some instances, two birds are kept together in an ordinary 18-inch by 15-inch cage. All cages have a wire-netting floor to allow the birds' droppings to pass through, and the floor slopes to allow the egg to roll away for collecting. There are no nests, the hens never reach the ground and never go outdoors. On many battery plants artificial lighting is provided to give an approximate 'working day' of 14 hours."

Poultrymen in this and other countries, absolutely indifferent to the welfare of the hen, so useful and valuable to humanity, have resorted to these methods to make the hen simply a laying machine for really no other reason than the money that is in it. No one will believe for a moment that nature ever intended the hen to be cooped up in this most unnatural and cruel sort of confinement. A year or more ago we called attention to the fact that, as the result of this battery system, poultry diseases and mortality were on the increase, according to a leading English poultry journal. A writer in this journal is quoted as saying:

"In the old days, before poultry keeping became a specialized industry, hens were farmyard hens. And if they didn't lay so many eggs they didn't, on the other hand, get so many diseases. Fowl paralysis, for instance, was unknown."

It would be well for humane journals to urge upon their readers to refuse to purchase eggs that come from hens so treated, both in the interest of the hens and of the health of the purchaser.

Rabies in England and in the United States

WE have just received a letter from Mr. Charles R. Johns, Secretary of the National Canine Defence League, with headquarters in London. He writes that "there has been no rabies in dogs for many years in England." "The last case," he continues, "occurred while a dog was being detained at quarantine kennels, where all dogs from abroad must be kept for six months without contact with other dogs. This dog came from abroad."

"Prior to 1919," says Mr. Johns, "we had a long spell of freedom from rabies, but about the end of 1918 a dog was smuggled into this country and rabies in dogs was confirmed in a few cases. As a result of a rigid enforcement of the muzzling order in the localities affected, and also by preventing movement of dogs out of these areas, the outbreak was quelled; and we have now been free of the disease for nearly twenty years."

According to Mr. Johns, there is no Pasteur Institute in England, but the Pasteur treatment would be given and has been given in the past to all persons bitten by dogs in whose bodies the virus of rabies has been discovered at the government laboratory where such tests are made; and sometimes the patients have been sent to Paris where there is a Pasteur Institute. He says further, "I do not know whether it would be possible to have the Pasteur treatment given here, but Paris is so near to England that cases would probably be sent there."

The letter further says that "no inoculation of dogs against rabies is practiced in England, that the Ministry of Agriculture evidently has so poor an opinion of this inoculation that if a dog has been brought into the country inoculated or vaccinated against the disease, they reserve the right to increase the period of quarantine to more than six months."

We believe the general feeling in this country amongst the leading veterinarians is that, while there may be no value in a single inoculation against rabies, the evidence would show that repeated inoculations year by year have materially cut down the prevalence of the disease. It is quite possible, however, that it would be very difficult to prove this statement to the satisfaction of everyone.

A Humane Veto

Humane workers everywhere will receive added courage from Gov. Loren D. Dickinson's action in Michigan. As a result of his veto it will remain illegal to dock horses' tails for any purpose. The Governor's veto was awaited with interest by humane societies all over the country. No one who has not participated in the struggle for humane legislation can realize the difficulties encountered. The defeat of legislative gains made in any state retards the effectiveness of the entire movement. Governor Dickinson's veto was a service not only to his state but to the larger state of enlightened humanity.

—Christian Science Monitor

Henry S. Salt

Everywhere throughout the world, where humane societies exist, the name of Henry S. Salt for years has been a familiar one. He was founder, and for thirty years the Honorary Secretary, of the Humanitarian League, and for a part, if not the whole, of its existence, editor of the organ of the League. "He must be accounted," says *The Animals' Friend*, "as one of the greatest humanizing influences of his day and generation." He once wrote:

"The intellectual aspect of the question" (our relation to the animal world) "has, of course, to be fully considered. Nevertheless, I am sure that the ultimate word will be spoken not by the intellect but by the heart. When once a 'change of heart' has taken place, and kinship has been not merely argued and demonstrated but felt, any further reasoning will be superfluous; there will be no more need for us to sit in committees and to spend time in contriving release for animals from intolerable wrongs—time that might be more fitly spent in the worship of nature or of art."

The death of Mr. Salt was announced on the 20th of April. He died at the ripe age of 87.

An Unusual Book

Under the title "Letters to Strongheart," (published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York City,) the owner of that remarkable dog, J. Allen Boone, has paid a rare tribute to that extraordinary animal whose performances as reproduced upon the screen astonished the multitudes who witnessed such evidences of intelligence as would have been unbelievable had they not been accurately portrayed by the camera.

After the death of the dog, which occurred at the height of his career, Mr. Boone has published a series of letters written to his vanished friend and companion. The following shows what a dog really meant to him. He writes:

"That's what that dog was made of—qualities! Let me name a few of them for you: goodness . . . loyalty . . . understanding . . . enthusiasm . . . fidelity . . . devotion . . . sincerity . . . nobility . . . affection . . . intelligence . . . honesty . . . confidence . . . strength . . . gentleness . . . happiness . . . gratitude . . . appreciation . . . trustworthiness . . . endurance . . . integrity . . . humility . . . purity . . . unselfishness . . . fearlessness . . . love . . . and all the hundreds of synonyms that parade back of those terms."

We have need of the Humane Societies. They have done noble work in the actual lessening of the suffering that naturally or unnaturally comes to our wild brothers, to our domestic animals, and to our own kind. Let us strengthen their hand, for theirs is a service that humanity can ill spare.

—Nature Magazine

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Second Thursday.

MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.

Miles traveled by humane officers ..	17,569
Cases investigated	492
Animals examined	5,004
Animals placed in homes	248
Lost animals restored to owners ..	66
Number of prosecutions	3
Number of convictions	2
Horses taken from work	20
Horses humanely put to sleep	41
Small animals humanely put to sleep ..	2,473
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	60,535
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep	44

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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	806
Cases entered in Dispensary	2,050
Operations	743

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	179
Cases entered in Dispensary	547
Operations	202

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.	
1, 1915	171,657
Dispensary Cases	427,922
Total	599,579

Important "Dont's"

In the care of your puppy:

Don't forget to take the chill off the food.

Don't feed potatoes, lima beans, corn, peas, pork, cake, cookies, or candy.

Don't give a dose of worm medicine just because he is off his feed without the advice of your veterinarian.

Don't take your puppy with you while visiting kennels. Distemper is highly contagious and is often carried on the clothes or rugs.

Don't bathe a puppy. Wipe with a damp cloth and brush well. Wait until it is six months old, if possible, before a bath is given.

Good Advertising

Occupancy of a nest in the top of the cab of an ice delivery truck is the way in which one family of brown thrashers is meeting the current hot wave in Henrico County.

Hatched early yesterday in the truck of G. L. Wagner, of Pine Street, Highland Springs, the young birds made the daily rounds yesterday and were ready for another busy day today. The mother bird sometimes sat on the nest with her family, but at other times emerged for rations for the widespread mouths of her offspring. At one time she followed the truck for one-half mile carrying a worm.

Mr. Wagner plans to leave the nest undisturbed as long as the brown thrashers care to be his guests. He finds they are paying their way in the advertising he is getting along his entire route.

—Richmond News Leader

Why We Have Humane Laws

ELLIOTT H. MARRUS

WHILE the most of us go through life being as considerate to dumb animals as to our fellow-beings, there are some people who, because of some twist in their character or, more frequently, purely out of negligence or spite, rush through this existence like the proverbial bull in the china shop.

Among the latter class are to be found those individuals who are both cruel to animals and alien to their fellows. It is they who have to be taught that living is something more than just working, eating and sleeping. This they must be taught by some way or other.

Since education has not as yet reached the stage where such information is thoroughly inculcated in the people, some other means must be adopted to show these misguided individuals that neglect and cruelty to animals is unwise and wrong.

Organized society, recognizing this need, has through its constituted authorities enacted statutes to keep the inconsiderate "in line." That is why we find in all parts of the country, laws punishing cruelty to dumb animals. Because of an enlightened judiciary and active humane societies, these legal bans are strictly enforced. Regularly the newspapers report convictions and punishments for malefactors who violate the laws of their states and of decency by whipping, confinement or other forms of mistreatment of pets.

One of the most commendatory steps in this direction was taken by New York when it enacted, after a strenuous campaign by the Noble Dog Foundation, a law providing fines and imprisonment for persons who permit their cars to hit animals and who then "run" away from the scene. Given a surging motor under their control, some people speed along the highways and streets, taking little heed of the damage they do. Many times, irate animal owners and friends have complained to the authorities because motorists ran over their pets and left them rolling in pain on the road.

To do away with such occurrences, the New York law states that an automobilist who runs over a horse, dog or cattle must stop and report the accident to the police. In addition, he must "take any other reasonable and appropriate action so that the animal may have necessary attention." Severe punishment is provided for failing to do these things.

Since this law has been in effect, a number of drivers have been hailed to court to answer for their hitting animals and leaving the scene of the accident. One magistrate who imposed a fine of fifty dollars and revoked the driver's license for six months, said in imposing sentence: "I want this to be a lesson to others who hit dumb animals and leave them in the street instead of assisting them."

Thus we have reached the stage where the law steps in and with a firm hand teaches some people that animals must be treated in a humane manner. It is a sad commentary on our life that this should have to be done. If more emphasis were put on teaching children the importance of kindness to animals, such laws might be unnecessary.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
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Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
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Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR MAY, 1939

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	738
Number of addresses made,	225
Number of persons in audiences,	27,564

Which One?

*Which of these eager pairs of eyes,
A-gleam with expectation,
Will watch me through their span of years
In quiet, sure elation?*

*Which of these animated tails
Will quicken in its motion
Merely to hear my step or voice,
Proving his proud devotion?*

*Yet I suspect the one I choose—
Licking my hand, undaunted—
Will prove beyond a doubt to be
The very one I wanted!*

Where Do We Fail in Kindness to Animals?

MAY not the question be answered in one word, INDIFFERENCE? It was Ruskin who wrote: "He who is not actively kind is cruel." Herein lies our chief failure, not that we do not properly treat our own pets, but that we are likely to be rather indifferent to the welfare of our neighbors' pets, and especially to blind our eyes to the cruel fate of the creatures whose sufferings we do not see—the animals used for food, those used for clothing, and those trained to perform unnatural stage acts for our supposed entertainment.

Probably no cruelty to animals bulks so large, and is so little realized, as that of the transportation and slaughter of our food animals. Nearly 700,000 such animals arriving in Boston last year, were inspected by officers of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and hundreds of them humanely put to sleep because of sickness or injury! But what of the terror inspired in animals forced to see the execution of their mates, and what of the agony that might be spared in the exceptional instances where the animals are not first humanely stunned?

Indifference towards the cruelty of training animals for stage performances, due largely to ignorance of what actually takes place, has been overcome to an extent by the activity of the Jack London Club sponsored by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and widely agitated by other societies in this country and abroad.

In Funchal, Madeira

The Society for the Protection of Domestic Animals of Funchal, Madeira, in its report for 1938 states that perhaps the biggest event in the year's work was Kindness Day, April 23, this being the second of its kind organized in that island. The Society's Hospital was open for inspection and the Governor of Madeira and other officials were among the visitors. The inspector of schools of Funchal has become interested in the humane education work planned, but there was much disappointment because text-books printed in English for the Society were still being held at the Customhouse. The introduction of motor lorries in Funchal has greatly relieved the often overworked and overburdened draft animals. The Society notes a marked increase in membership.

Manual for Greek Students

The honorable secretary of the S. P. C. A. in Athens, Greece, advises the American Humane Education Society that he has been requested by H. R. H. Princess Catherine, President of the Athens S. P. C. A., to prepare a manual for zoology teachers in Greece for the purpose of using the lesson of zoology as a means for humane education. He plans to have the manual suggest a new method of teaching zoology to students of primary and secondary education and to indicate such activities as will teach children to be kind to animals.

We were glad to send suggestions and samples of similar manuals published in English.



Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee

The American Humane Education Society has had for many years no more devoted, faithful and enthusiastic worker than Mrs. Weathersbee. From Atlanta, Georgia, where her home is, her influence in the interest of humane education has spread even beyond the State in which she has so faithfully represented the Society.

Chicago Humane Education Society

THE President of the Chicago Humane Education Society, Mrs. E. C. Dow, is worthy of all praise for the fine work she has been doing for years in that great city. Not only has she, without ceasing, sought the better treatment of all animals, but her services in behalf of children, the opportunities she has sought before various organizations to present causes in which she is so deeply interested, her campaign against the use of toy guns, firearms and various weapons by which the youth are so often maiming or destroying life, humane methods in the destruction of our food animals, are all witnesses to her unselfish and uncompensated devotion in the interests of the great City and of the State in which she lives.

The American Humane Education Society is proud of the Chicago organization, one of its children, of which, as we have said, Mrs. Dow is President.

Cameras for Air-guns

Mrs. Oliver Dreyer, president of the Humane Society, Texarkana, Arkansas, writes, "I would like to have 500 Band of Mercy pledge cards as I am giving ten cameras to the first boys and girls who, during Be Kind to Animals Week, will bring their air-guns and give them to me in return for the camera and sign a pledge to never again own a gun."

Higher Education

CLARA J. GALLAGHER

*I taught my dog a score of tricks,
He learned to dance and pray;
A most accomplished dog was he—
My canine protege!*

*I taught my dog—but oh! the things
That little dog taught me!
A code of love and faithfulness
And staunch fidelity.*

"Old Sheppie"

Miss Virginia W. Sargent, president of the Animal Protective Association, Washington, D. C., is mourning the loss of "Old Sheppie," a dog that she had rescued from starvation eight years ago and that she had since kept as a favorite pet. In a very tender tribute to the memory of this faithful animal Miss Sargent says:

Old Sheppie was glorious in life. He was a true old-fashioned Scotch collie. He was kind to everybody and to everything. He dearly loved childish hands to pull him around and was a perfect gentleman to his dog and cat friends. He cheerfully and quietly stayed alone long hours during the necessary absence of his mistress in rescuing other waifs like himself, but when she returned, no matter how late, he barked and barked from sheer joy at being alive for her. In fact he at last almost entirely lost his voice by this constant demonstration of his joy. He loved attention and especially to pose for his picture. For several years he was pictured in the newspapers with his little neighborhood child friends and other pets celebrating Kindness Week. One time when a photographer picked out another dog for a picture he was plainly hurt to the quick!

Miss Sargent feels deeply grateful that she was for so many years the recipient of the love and loyalty that Old Sheppie so richly gave.



"SHEPPIE," FAVORITE PET OF
MISS VIRGINIA W. SARGENT

Heroes Both

GEORGE A. KELLY

IT happened one winter evening in the West End of Boston. A fire was raging on the third floor of a four-story brick tenement house. Upon discovering it I sent in an alarm from the fire-box directly across the street, went into the building, discharged my revolver once on each floor to attract attention; yelling as loudly as I could, "Fire in the building! Everybody out."

When about to run up to the third landing I was almost thrown to the floor by the impact of the body of a police dog against my knees, who was barking with all the power in his immense lungs.

"Get out of here, boy!" I yelled at him as I attempted to push him down the stairs. It was of no avail. He just whirled and leaped up the stairs in front of me and down to the end of the long hall where he stopped in front of a door.

While making for him in the smoke-filled hall I collided with an aged woman who was choking and screaming. I carried her to the entrance of the building, with the dog at my heels, still barking, sat her on the first step and hurried back to the same floor. All the way back up the stairs the dog kept in front of me, still barking loudly, wagging his tail furiously, and sneezing intermittently.

"Let's go, old boy," I yelled at him, slipping my fingers under his collar; as the smoke was so dense it was impossible to see a hand in front of me. Digging his claws into the floor as he led me to a door and standing on his hind legs he began scratching vigorously, at the same time whining piteously.

Pushing open the door which entered into a kitchen my eyes discovered a man leaning half out of an open window. I ran into the bathroom, soaked a large turkish towel in the hopper, placed it over his nose and tied it around his head, again slipping my fingers under the collar of the dog and yelled at him, "All right, Pal, let's get out of here!"

As you can imagine, it was his instinct that led us to the stairs, down them and into the street, where his master and I were rushed into a patrol wagon and taken to the Relief Station where we were treated for "exposure to smoke."

On the way I discovered his master was blind. In between coughing and wiping my eyes with a handkerchief I noticed the dog. His eyes were red and there was a wet streak leading from each one down to his mouth. He sat on his haunches and rested his paws on the chest of his master who was stretched out on the seat in a semi-conscious condition. What a picture!

Upon recovering I went to the room of his master, gave him all the details and told him I was going direct to the leading sporting goods store to buy his pet the very best harness and leash that money could obtain.

Needless to say, to that wonderful animal I owe my life, and to make it up to him I never pass by any dog without throwing it a small dog biscuit, of which one of my pockets is always full.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.



The Mascot of Station 5

"Buster," for eight years mascot of Station 5, Worcester, Mass., was formerly owned by an irresponsible man who ill-treated and abused him. One day he followed an officer to the Station where he immediately made himself at home. He has his bed in the guardroom, travels with the officers on their beats, is a pet of the school children, and growls with hate at the smell of liquor. The officers of Station 5 provide a fund for food and for a license for Buster. Every morning the dog waits for the mailman and goes with him over his route.

"Duke" Likes Old Home

ERNEST E. VERNON

A COAL-BLACK Great Dane puppy, "Duke," owned by the Range West Kennels at Oldham, S. D., was recently taken to his new home at Schuyler, Nebraska, but memories of his old home in South Dakota were too vivid in his dog mind.

He leaped through a window and in five and one-half days he had covered more than 300 miles and was back in his former home in Oldham, averaging more than fifty miles a day. He was hale and hearty on his return but a bit thirsty, for he drank a gallon and a half of water but refused to eat before having a long sleep.

Although he was taken by automobile through Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Omaha and Lincoln to Schuyler, he evidently passed around these cities on his return trip, for no one seems to have seen him pass through them.

Duke, whose full name is Duke von Reimthursen, is only 20 months old and weighed 176 pounds. He lost about 15 pounds on his return trip. He stands 33½ inches tall at his shoulders. Duke's father weighs 200 pounds. His mother is one of the finest Great Danes in the northwest and has won many prizes at dog shows in the country.

The Song of the Wilson's Thrush

'Tis Spring—

In the sunset's afterglow I step outside,
And—what do I hear—my heart beats
Fast—can I believe it?
Above the din of train whistle, and the
Rattle of cars in the street—out of the
Flowering tree-tops—the silvery note of a
Thrush—sweet, and clear as a bell in the
Soft, still air—
Never before have I heard it here, and I
stand

Entranced—listening—listening—to the
Sweet, melody—
A chill in the air, but I am loth to leave,
and

Say "Goodnight" to the charm of the out of
doors—

I must wait, and listen once more to this
Exquisite harmony, a Godsend in a world
of strife—

ELIZABETH FARLEY UNDERWOOD

Belmont

Birds and Your Garden

CONRAD O. PETERSON

Last summer birds attacked our melons, cucumbers and tomatoes. It seems that birds will attack any crop that runs high in water content, especially if fields and woods are dry. July and August seem to be our worst months.

Wondering why the birds did not stick to their bug and seed-eating habits, I placed pans of water on the ground a short distance from the edges of our garden plot. Around each pan I spread assorted grain, also bits of left-overs from our table. I then watched the result with interest.

The birds fluttered around the pans in a flurry of wings. While some sipped water, many tried to bathe in it. The grain soon disappeared. I had to refill the pans and respread the grain each day but it lessened the garden depredations. The birds satisfied their thirst and hunger, and their attention was drawn away from the garden.

It is obvious that when the hot sun dries and scorches the earth, birds will search out any green appearing succulent vegetation.

Give the birds a food and drink substitute when the sun blazes high! You can then save both your garden and your friendship with the birds.

Reincarnation

ALICE CHURCHILL CHAPPE

If, when my dust has once again,
Become a part of God's fair earth,
And I could have the chance to take
another form

In all the glow of a new birth,
I know my own desire would be to turn
into a pine

With branches lifted to a friendly sky,
Through which the sun and stars could
shine;

Branches curved just a wee bit
To hold the nests of birds and hear them
sing;

While I would gently rock them in the wind,
Swaying like a green-boughed swing.



BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER FEEDING A YOUNG COWBIRD

The Cowbird

GLADYS WATTS

WHICH is the mother bird in the picture? You are wrong, the little bird is the black-throated green warbler feeding her foster child the cowbird.

The cowbird leads a strange irresponsible life and is apparently devoid of any maternal instinct. It never builds a nest or looks after its young in any way. When nest-building time comes in the spring, you may see a dirty brownish-colored bird a little smaller than a robin sitting up in a tree-top, whistling. Sometimes several cowbirds will gather in a small flock and whistle without a care in the world while other birds are busy building nests.

The cowbird is a parasite upon smaller birds. When the female finds a nest ready made with one or more eggs in it, she will take temporary possession and lay an egg of her own. After laying the egg she forgets all about it and goes on her way. Seldom does she lay more than one egg in the same nest. The warblers seem to be the foster parents she prefers for her offsprings because she most often lays her eggs in warbler nests.

The yellow warbler sometimes double crosses the cowbird by building a false bottom in her nest above the cowbird egg. Then she will lay a set of eggs and not be annoyed by having a small cowbird to rear. However, the cowbird often comes back a second and even a third time to lay an egg, after the first has been covered. This means that the yellow warbler's nest keeps growing higher and higher. I have often seen a yellow warbler's nest four to six inches thick at the base, and have dug out two or three hidden cowbird eggs.

It wouldn't be so bad to bring up an extra baby if it didn't crowd the warbler's children. In many cases the cowbird grows so fast that it smothers the young warblers. The reason for its fast growth is that it gets most of the food. A mother bird seems unable to recognize her own children, so she drops food in the mouth that opens the widest and yells the loudest. Since the

cowbird seems always to be hungry his mouth is stretched above the others.

The story about the birds in the picture is an interesting one. Every day while the black-throated green warbler was building her nest a female cowbird sat in a near-by tree whistling. Finally, I came to the conclusion that the cowbird was waiting for the nest to be finished so she could lay an egg. On several occasions the cowbird flew down from her perch and made a closer inspection of the nest when the warbler was away.

After the first warbler egg was laid the cowbird deposited a large speckled egg in the nest. Then she flew away and never returned. When the female black-throated green warbler returned she pushed the new egg around and attempted to remove it, without success. At last she accepted it, and when she had finished laying her own four eggs she incubated it with her own.

I watched the two parent birds bring up their family. It was a sad and hopeless task to try to care for the baby warblers. From the very first the last one hatched had no chance. It was smothered by the ungainly cowbird baby the day it hatched. A second one died, apparently of starvation, two days later. The last two made brave attempts to live, but one day I found them both on the ground dead. Apparently the intruder had pushed them out.

The young cowbird grew strong and fat. When he was ten days old he jumped from the nest and his foster parents coaxed him off in the bushes. It was several days later that I saw him on a fence post, flapping his wings and calling for food. Soon the parent black-throated green warblers appeared with worms to stuff down the ever-empty throat.

Song birds and birds of flight usually build nests far above the ground. Heavier bodied birds, building close to the ground, or on it, lay a larger clutch of eggs than those higher up, as the ratio of enemies down below is greater, and, at that, perhaps, only a few live to grow up. Ground birds can run and fend for themselves almost as soon as hatched.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for April—30 Days

Daily average large animals	61	
Forage for same		\$ 37.35
Put to sleep	18	2.32
Transportation		1.88
Daily average dogs	3.7	
Forage for same		1.72
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		55.63
Superintendent's salary		100.00
Veterinaries' salaries		11.92
Motor ambulance upkeep		6.20
Motor bicycles upkeep		3.70
Sundries		41.00
Actual operating expenses		\$261.72
Building upkeep account		5.40
Total		\$267.12

Entries: 6 horses, 10 mules, 105 donkeys.
 Exits: 3 horses, 8 mules, 88 donkeys.
 Outpatients treated: 109 horses, 56 mules, 300 donkeys, 5 dogs, 1 goat. 3 animals transported in ambulance, 23 animals sent by Police Dept.
 Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 535 cases investigated, 6,208 animals seen, 768 animals treated, 68 animals hospitalized by us from above, 35 pack-saddles (infected) and 33 Arab bits destroyed.

One Day's Work

WEDNESDAY, 19th, 7 a.m. Usual work of treating animals. French policeman of Ville Nouvelle sent one animal to Hospital. 10.30 a.m. visitors: Mr. Robert Moreau, lawyer, and Madame, of Brussels. They wrote in our Visitors' Book: "I have been very moved by what I have seen in the American Fondouk, and I heartily congratulate Mr. Delon for this work, of which he may be legitimately proud." 11 a.m. to noon Dr. Larrouy, Municipal Vet., inspecting horses of 8 public carriages. 1.30 p.m. Fondouk. 2.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Bou Jeloud-Talaa-Casbat Nouar inspection. 3.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Dr. Bouguereau's inspection, reporting all getting well. Operating on one mule. Men gardening, planting trees. Animals in Hospital: 46.

G. DELON, Superintendent

Contributors to the Work of the American Fondouk

As a copy of our magazine goes to all those who are so generously supporting the work of the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee at Fez, the following summary of a letter from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Charles A. Williams, who has recently visited Fez, will be read with great interest:

"The new land is nearly all developed and will be productive of various forage in another ten weeks.

"I have contracted for 25 large palm trees and 150 cypresses, besides 175 myoporum, to divide the paddocks. These will be four each side of the main central walk in which we can tether large or small animals. This leaves about one-third of the new property undeveloped."

The purchase of this property adjacent to the Fondouk was certainly one of the wise things done by the Maintenance Committee. It not only furnishes space for convalescent animals to get air and exercise, and space for the raising of a certain amount of good forage, but also adds much to the attractiveness of the Fondouk.

The Indifferent Attitude

D. D. TWITCHELL

TO lessen cruelty and to promote animal welfare, it is necessary to awake not only pity and tenderness in the hearts of men and women but also to help them to understand and recognize the fact that every living creature is capable of feeling and suffering. This is essential since so

few of the people who treat animals unkindly do so because cruelty actually exists in their hearts. Their deeds of cruelty, however deplorable they may be, are many times the result of ignorance, indifference and a strange failure to take the animal's welfare into consideration.

A man or woman may and often does show marked affection for a household pet, expending much time, effort and money to insure its health and comfort and yet show such an utter disregard of all wild and domestic animals that it is both surprising and disconcerting. Housewives too often purchase veal with a zealous care as to whether the price per pound is high or low but with never a thought of the calf that was dragged unwillingly from its loving mother, shipped in a crowded truck and ruthlessly killed in order to produce the piece of veal that she is considering. The enjoyment

of the woman who is wearing a fur coat is often in no way lessened by any thought of the agonies experienced along the trapper's line. "Out of sight is out of mind," is equally applicable to the slaughter-house and the steel trap.

The city dweller while familiar with household pets and the animals of the zoo, knows but little of the wonderful intelligence and fidelity of the farm animals, while the owners of the creatures on the farm too often consider them from a commercial standpoint that is unsoftened by any compassion or sympathy. Sentiment is rarely allowed to interfere with dollars and cents. Since poorly housed, underfed and inadequately cared for animals are known to be less profitable to their owners, it generally follows that the better educated and more successful farmers are the most humane in their treatment of their live stock.

That animals cannot express their feelings should awaken in every heart a desire to protect them in every way possible from cruelty at the hands of those who are so

unfortunate as to neither know nor love God's voiceless children of the forest, field and farm.

Never hesitate to interfere kindly when you see an animal being abused. It is weak and cowardly to be afraid of ridicule.

In Los Angeles, California, it is illegal to sell lizards, snakes, or other reptiles in any public place.



A REFRESHING DRAUGHT

The Watering Trough

J. E. ELLIOTT

*The road ran west from the little town
 Among the hills, and up and down,
 Then, winding through a little glade,
 Fell into Beauty's ambushade.*

*From rock outcropping like a wall
 There sprang a tiny waterfall
 Whose waters danced along a glen
 Too peaceful for the world of men.*

*An iron pipe crossed empty air
 Where it was placed with thoughtful care,
 To bring cool water from the bank
 Into a trough where horses drank.*

*There, while the tired horses' stayed
 Their thirst with water from the glade,
 We felt that everything had blessed
 The place where Beauty's feet had pressed.*

The American Humane Association announces that its sixty-third annual meeting will be held in Albany, New York, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1939.

Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital will insure a suitable marker inscribed with the donor's name.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven hundred and sixty-nine new Bands of Mercy were organized during May. Of these, 229 were in Illinois, 123 in Rhode Island, 109 in Massachusetts, 99 in Maine, 93 in Georgia, 65 in Texas, 31 in Florida, 19 in Virginia, and one in Vermont.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 241,180.

Musical Cats

ELIZABETH REEVES HUMPHREYS

MY husband and I were reading after dinner while the radio played softly and our red Persian cat, "Binth," dozed at his feet.

A beautiful waltz impelled me to break into a whistling accompaniment and Binth instantly raised his head, ears cocked forward, and stared at me with his great amber eyes.

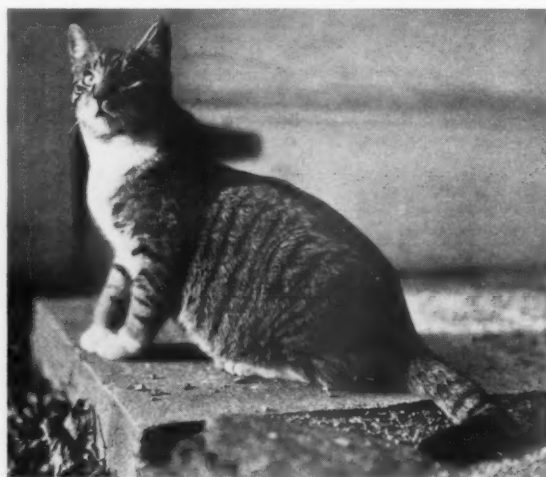
I swept upward in a crescendo and he leaped to his feet with a happy "urrt" and padded over to me. Jumping upon my lap he put his big, thick forepaws on my chest and in a perfect ecstasy of delight rubbed his face against my mouth.

Whistling produces such strange, wild happiness in him that he just cannot keep still, and his excitement increases as my own exaltation does over particularly beautiful passages. Sometimes he actually throws himself against me in an abandonment of joy.

His sister, "Stephanie," also loved whistling and it was interesting to watch her hunt for its source. When she finally realized that it came from my mouth she put a gentle paw against it as though to feel the sound.

She had a decided preference in music. Classical pieces left her cold, but the first bars of a love song brought her to her feet. If I were standing she would bunch herself up, tail in air and back humped and start milling around me, unable to keep her feet still. If I were seated she would jump upon my lap, and, like Binth, stand with her forepaws against my chest, purring and rubbing her face against mine.

We think our cats have contributed a great deal to harmony.



LISTENING



YOUNGER PUPILS IN NATIONAL SCHOOL AT BASSA, PALESTINE

A Pet's Influence

And what do pets do for children? asks Albert B. Hines, managing director of the Madison Square Boys' Club, New York City, in an article in the *New York Times*. Henrietta Additon, former head of the Crime Prevention Bureau of New York City, once urged that boys and girls be allowed to keep them as a means to prevent delinquency. Certainly any one who works with boys knows that pets have a good influence. It seems fair to assume that the kindness and thoughtfulness they learn in caring for an animal are carried into their relations with human beings.

A child should be held responsible for his pet, should learn to feed, groom and protect it. The child should be taught to give it clean water, to feed it properly, and, if it is a dog, to exercise it regularly. Children should learn that in training an animal the most intelligent reactions from the pet are gained by kindness. Parents can help by a sympathetic attitude toward the child's love for his pet and by teaching the child that if he wants other people to love his pet, too, he will not allow the pet to become a nuisance.

Another Band in Palestine

The group of children pictured above are pupils in the National Episcopal Secondary school at Bassa, Palestine. They are to be organized into Bands of Mercy by Ibrahim Barakat Bishara, secretary of the school, who sent for a supply of buttons and badges. When stationed at Kafr-Biram, also in Palestine, Mr. Bishara organized a Band there.

What the Band of Mercy Means

A correspondent in the western part of Massachusetts, who happened to read in the newspaper Governor Saltonstall's Proclamation for Be Kind to Animals Week last April, was moved to write and tell us his experience with the Band of Mercy, and to ask for a button to replace the one which he had received in school more than a generation ago. He says:

"Over forty years ago when but a young lad I attended grammar school in one of our large Massachusetts cities. I often recall with a great deal of pride and pleasure certain incidents that occurred during my school days. Among them I think the one that stands out the most vividly in my memory was the occasion when our teacher pinned a little blue button, bearing the inscription A. H. E. S., upon my coat lapel. That little button, though it represented very little as far as cost was concerned, carried with it something that never could be measured in earthly values. With it there was molded into my boyish being a certain responsibility from which I am extremely proud to state I have never swerved in the slightest degree and know I never will. I haven't got that little button now. When last I saw it many years ago the letters were worn off and I guess I must have laid it aside. But I have held and always will hold steadfastly to the humane principles laid down before me when as a boy I solemnly pledged to *always* protect and be kind to our dumb animals."

We were very glad to comply with his request.



Verse Contest Winners

First Prize, \$3, Crystal V. Young, Age 7 years, Madison, Maine.

*We built a shelter for the birds,
All glass-enclosed and warm.
With them we share our store of food
On winter days of storm.*

Second Prize, \$2, Catherine Hannon, Age 11 years, Roxbury, Mass.

*When sore-oppressed, or down and out,
Without a human friend,
Your understanding Rover comes
His sympathy to lend.*

Third Prize, \$1, Cornelia Pratt, Age 9 years, Lancaster, Mass.

*Your eyes looked up, adoring,
Your soft paw sought my knee;
Yes, Rover is the best pal
That ever roamed with me.*

The following received Honorable Mention and were awarded a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*:

Janet Boyd Motten, Rutherford, New Jersey; Miriam Sheehan, Roxbury, Mass.; and Jaime Sol Hecht, Rutherford, New Jersey.

The Wool-Bearing Alpaca

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

WHEN we see a lovely wool sweater or robe we immediately think of that little woolly animal, the lamb. There are several other sources of wool, too, and one of these is the alpaca.

The alpaca is a South American domesticated breed, which resembles a sheep, except that it has a long head and neck which it carries high in the air at all times. Its shape is similar to a camel, although it has no hump. When the alpaca is tired it lies down on the ground with its load and no amount of coaxing can make it get up until it is ready.

These animals are raised for their wool, in large flocks on the high tablelands, 16,000 feet above the sea, chiefly in Bolivia and South Peru. Their long, thick fleece is cut off annually. It is strong and silky and used to make alpaca cloth which is so beautiful.

The fleeces are sorted for quality and color by skilled native women. There are two qualities, fine and coarse. The colors are black, brown, white, gray and fawn, and the fibre is somewhat like a mixture of hair and wool.

It is said that the alpaca can carry heavy loads and travel quite a distance in one day. It can go without water for three or four days, if necessary, a characteristic of the camel, and it requires very little food. It can get along with a handful of maize at one time, and call it a meal.

Alpaca cloth was used by the Peruvian Indians many years ago, before it was introduced generally on a commercial basis.



A PROUD AND JOYFUL GREETING

The Seeing-Eye Dog

BERTHA PRITCHARD

LITTLE Jackie, eight years old, had been blind since infancy, but his life was brightened the day before Easter by a seeing-eye dog from his neighbors and friends. Last September Jackie knew the real loss of his eyes, as his sister, who had been his constant companion, passed on by death, and he was left alone in darkness.

Then, the joy of having a seeing-eye dog! He spent the days after Easter going from neighbor to neighbor, and from friend to friend, thanking those who contributed to buying the dog. He now looks forward with pleasure to the days as he walks from place to place led by his dog, "Don," as he calls him, and the dog seems to feel the responsibility of looking after him. Before, he had sat lonely and alone, thinking of the pleasure he was missing.

There were two business men in Los Angeles who heard about the lad and took a deep interest in him and started a campaign to buy the dog. There were about a thousand who took part in the presentation, all happy to greet Jackie and his new dog, Don, of the Seeing Eye.

Answers to Hidden Animals and Birds puzzle last month:
1. Lemur, thrush. 2. Swan, camel. 3. Ostrich, ferret. 4. Martin, rabbit. 5. Teal, bear. 6. Phoebe, bison. 7. Lark, beaver. 8. Owl, goat. 9. Panther, dove.

Bob-o-link

F. B. M. COLLIER

*There's excitement in the meadow,
Bob-o-link is here,
Grass blades rise in swift salute,
Dancing cloudlets fleck the sky,
Planing low to catch the cry:
Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link;
Summer, I think.*

*Orchard petals blush a welcome,
Bob-o-link is here,
Fragrant blossoms spill their incense,
Dandelions toss their gold,
Tributes to the rondel bold:
Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link;
Summer, I think.*

*Prima Donna of late spring,
Bob-o-link is here,
Ricocheting back and forth,
Scattering matchless silver notes
Wildly from ecstatic throats;
Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link;
Summer, I think.*

The Cheerful Goldfinch

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

LIKE the human lovers the goldfinch prefers the month of June for mating. Then in July comes nesting time, somewhat later than most of his neighbors. Look for the felted nest of cottony materials from six to forty feet up in the orchard tree or in maples near the garden. It will be a very neat job, round and compact; made of grass and moss and lined with seed and plant down; wider than it is high, and located usually in a branch crotch. In it will be from four to six blue-white eggs, generally unmarked.

This little songster is one of our most cheerful, confiding companions. He makes our hearts rejoice as we go about our duties in the garden. His flight is so graceful; dipping, undulating; a thing of beauty in motion. The entire family have no difficulty in recognizing this bird neighbor and friend. He is about five inches long; a sleek ball of yellow with black and white on the wings. His wife is a brownish olive above; yellowish below. His song is sweet like a canary's warbling. Each year we hear it beginning in April and continuing through July and on to the latter part of August.

It feeds mostly on seeds of weeds—wild clematis, wild sunflowers, and ragweed. It does not disturb cultivated fruit.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

LETTERS TO STRONGHEART, J. Allen Boone.

Unique indeed is this fascinating volume of letters addressed to a famous dog, now deceased. "When I first met him," says the author, "he was so well-educated and knew so much more than I did about so many important things in the universe that I had to let him teach me in order to keep intelligent company with him." Perhaps this is the keynote to the appealing philosophy in the letters. Many wise things are said, many pertinent observations made, many frank opinions expressed—all, maybe, inspired by "Strongheart," or, rather, by the close association of author and dog. There are delightful travel sketches which are different from the usual run. We are in the Sierra Madre mountains, on the Mojave Desert, on the open Pacific, in Tokio and Nikko, and Kyoto, in Shanghai and Hong Kong and Singapore, on the Inland Sea of Japan and the South China Sea, in Java and Bali, in Ceylon and India, in Cairo and Venice, in Paris, London, New York, and, of course, Hollywood.

Ever and again appears the writer's attitude towards animals, illustrated by his quotation of the reason why a man he met in China prefers to live in the jungle: "If I go into the jungle armed, I am a potential killer, and I mentally broadcast that news to animals near, far and wide. They may not always pick it up, but usually they do. If I am unarmed, there is no mental threat of danger or death broadcasting itself from me, and the animals assume an entirely different attitude towards me. That is why I never go armed. And that is why I seldom experience any difficulties with natives or animals."

The frontispiece presents a fine likeness of Strongheart.

241 pp. \$2.50. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York.

A HORSEMAN'S HANDBOOK ON PRACTICAL BREEDING, John F. Wall.

There is hardly any part of the entire world where evidences have not been found that the horse has existed since the earliest dawn of authentic history. It may be said that he has been coeval with mankind. Even in this mechanical age he is still loved and reared, enjoyed and exploited, by countless thousands.

This volume is a timely tribute to the respect and honor in which the horse is held today. "It is intended," says its author, "as a digest of some opinions and practices of experienced breeders of horses, and is prompted by a desire to encourage and assist individuals who have little opportunity to observe practical breeding of horses, the handling, the care and the feed-

ing of breeding stock." Its scope embraces both the heavy or draft horse as well as the lighter breeds. Chapters on "A Brief History of the Horse" and "The Horse Situation in the United States" will draw the attention and interest of the general reader.

A section of the book entitled "Appendices" treats of many topics, as "Nomenclature of the Horse," "Age of the Horse," "Terms and Definitions," "Veterinary Service," "Shipping Horses by Water, Rail and Van," etc. To the sources of his information and material the author makes acknowledgment to more than a hundred reliable authorities.

Photographs, plans and drawings serve well to illustrate many phases of the subject.

The horse-loving public will place a high estimate on this exhaustive production and its effect should accrue to the great benefit of the horse—the age-long friend of man.

308 pp., Published by Thoroughbred Bloodlines, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

Kind Words from Abroad

Among our interesting foreign exchanges is "L'Ami des Animaux," organ of the Geneva Society for the Protection of Animals and several other Swiss Societies in French-speaking cantons. We are advised that there are in Switzerland twenty-two cantons, in nearly all of which is at least one S. P. A. The Geneva Society covers the canton of that name, with less than 200,000 population, but with an estimated 6,000 dogs, thousands of cats, 300 swans and, in winter, thousands of gulls, ducks and coots. A message from the Union Romande, a federation of French-speaking Societies, contains these kind words: "We have been receiving for years your very fine paper, 'Our Dumb Animals.' We have always read it with great interest and congratulate you on its high humane, literary and printing standard. You are doing, if we may say so, uncommonly good work."

If I Could Be

LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

*No bird would kill me to possess
The feathers fair in which I dress;
No beast would follow to my lair
To take away the clothes I wear;
And if I were too small to cook
No fish would catch me on a hook;
It would be nice if I could be
Much more like them, much less like me.*

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10.00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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